Rachidelus Brasilii and His Rattlesnake Appetite

There is a serpent in Brazil whose favorite diet is rattlesnakes and whose favorite sport is hunting them. Its scientific name is Rachidelus brasilii. It is about ten feet long, nonpoisonous, and covered with shining lead colored scales. The rachidelus does most of its hunting at night and, it is said, always comes out victorious over the rattler, which is not so strong, but fights fearlessly, relying upon the power of its poison. The following description of one of these battles is taken from the account of an eye-witness:

"The rachidelus, much stronger than the rattlesnake, bent the latter back into an arch and twisted itself in coils around its adversary's body, trying to break its vertebrae and crush the life out of it. These efforts were not very effective, as the arch formed by the rattlers' body was dynamically perfect and resisted all pressure.

"In the meantime the rattlesnake was deciding upon a counter-attack. It opened its mouth, darted at its enemy, fixed its poison fangs in the latter's flesh and waited for the customary effect, which is paralysis and death.

"The rattlesnake's little brain must have recalled to it the stories of other combats with other and even larger enemies, for the wicked eyes were eloquent of the certain confidence it had in the acting of its potent venom.

"And when after ten minutes the rattlesnake became convinced that this enemy was immune to the poison—for this is the peculiarity which enables the rachidelus to fight the rattlesnake—manifestations of anguish and terror appeared in its eyes.

"But the rachidelus was growing tired of squeezing the rattler in its spirals without breaking or crushing. It decided to end the struggle suddenly

"Then serenely it began to swallow its defeated enemy. The process of deglutjtion lasted two hours, by which time the tip of the rattlers' tail vanished within the mouth of the rachidelus.

LINCOLN'S WIFE

(Continued from Page Seventeen.)

The next morning was dull and rainy and Mrs. Lincoln did not go out. In the afternoon she took a drive and looked on for a few minutes at a cricket match. In the evening there was dancing in the ball-rooms of the principal hotels.

The cloud of war did not seem to cast a heavy shadow over Long Branch that day.

The parlors of both the mansion and the National were thronged with a crush of dancers and the porticoes outside were filled with attentive spectators," wrote the assiduous correspondent. * * * "The hop went on with all the eclat which finely-dressed ladies, a fresh importation of dancing gentlemen and a general disposition to make the most of the time could give."

However, "Mrs. Lincoln did not appear in either hotel, but remained in her room." Robert Lincoln and his friends were "on hand and figured extensively."

For the next few days Mrs. Lincoln was allowed to pursue her own ways without notice from the press. "Tad" had developed a heavy cold and this gave her concern. The correspondents consoled themselves thus: "Mrs. Lincoln came here to rest and enjoy herself and we testify our regard for her most when we cordially permit her to carry out her intentions in her own way."

On the 21st the papers stated that "Tad" was recovering from his illness and that the next day Mrs. Lincoln, as the guest of ex-Governor Newell of New Jersey, would inspect the life-saving stations along the beach. This was done on the afternoon of the 22d. "Dodworth's band afterward serenaded Mrs. Lincoln and her party and balloons were sent up until sundown. After sunset there was a splendid display of fireworks in front of the Mansion House and grand hops at that and the National Hotel."

Reception at Mansion House.

The dance at the Mansion House assumed the proportions of a ball. Here Mrs. Lincoln appeared for a short time in the ball-room. Her party entered the room about 10 o'clock "the band playing the national airs and the whole company joining in a grand promenade."

Mrs. Lincoln came in on the arm of ex-Governor Newell. She was dressed "in an elegant robe of white grenadine with a long flowing train, the bottom of the skirt puffed with quillings of white satin and the arms and shoulders uncovered, save with an elegant point lace shawl. She wore a necklace and bracelets of pearls, a pearl fan and a headdress of wreathed white wild roses. Beyond all comparison she was the most richly and completely dressed lady present."

Mrs. Lincoln did not dance, but at 11 o'clock she held a reception, standing in the center of the room and bowing as each person was presented to her. Beside her stood Governor Newell, holding a large bouquet that had been presented to Mrs. Lincoln by the women of Long Branch.

It appears that supper was to have been served "at intervals during the dancing," but after the reception, wrote one correspondent, Mrs. Lincoln and her party started to promenade, and "the company, mistaking her intention and thinking that she was about to enter the supper room, pushed out all in a crowd, and sooner than I can write the presidential prty was left alone in the ball-room.

"There was a moment of embarrassment, but, with infinite tact, Mrs. Lincoln remedied the blunder of the company. Motioning Governor Newd to be her escort, she headed her arty and proceeded to the supper-roo as if nothing had happened.

"The company, who, by this ime, were blushing with mortification, made way for them, and so the entered the supper-room in state after all. Here no sofa had been reserved for Mrs. Lincoln, which occasioni another embarrassment, but Mrs Lincoln declined the many seats cered her and said that she preferd to stand. * * * Supper being over and dancing once more fairly resmed, Mrs. Lincoln and her suite quidy retired at about 12:30."

"Quiet Grace and Dignity

Meanwhile poor little Tad was not having a good time, for his ilness persisted. His mother, therefoe, decided to postpone her departe for Washington until the following Monday, August 26.

When Mrs. Lincoln finally left Long Branch, a correspondent thus wrote of her:

"The impression which Mrs. Lincoln leaves upon all who talk with her is doubtless that of an agreeable and accomplished lady. She fills her position easily and without effort. Her comparatively younthful appearance strikes every one and I have heard it frequently remarked how much younger she looks than those who see her for the first time anticipated. She is, in a word, but very little altered from Mrs. Lincoln of Springfield, Ill., in any of those traits of character which endeared her to all her friends and neighbors, but she has now a simple, easy, quiet grace and dignity, which befit her position and announce 'the President's lady.'"

THE ONCE DESPISED PEANUT.

The lowly and unsung peanut is about to come not only into its own, but into what has long been considered something else's. From the most laughed at and despised of crops it has risen by sheer strength of merit to a position among the aristocracy of Southern fields. From being the stop-cry of childhood it has advanced to the place of one of the recognized foods and the producer of high-class oil for man's lubrication. Great rushes have been made to the gold fields of the Klondike in the mad search for wealth, and many men have given up their lives in the attempt to pan fortunes from those ice-defended hills; but in the year of its greatest yield the output of the Klondike did not reach in dollars the value of the country's crop of peanuts. The haughty cotton planter of Mississippi, seeing his crop destroyed by the boll weevil, sought to make up the loss by planting peanuts. The first year the experiment was made with 2500 acres. The result was so satisfactory that this year 150,000 acres of those rich alluvial lands have been planted to goobers, and the prospect is that a much larger crop will be put in next year. The Texas people have learned of the value of the peanut, and thousands of acres of their lands are now devoted to their growth. Georgia long ago learned what the peanut will do for its devotee, and has reaped a lot of prosperity from the knowledge. Verily, the lowly goober is the goods.—Baltimore Sun.

GEORGE ADE'S PROMISE.

W. H. Hershman of Noblesville, superintendent of the Kentland Schools during George Ade's high school course there, has been renewing old acquaintances at Delphi, where he was also formerly superintendent, and from Delphi comes one of his stories of Ade. When Ade was home from Purdue University on his first vacation, Mr. Hershman, who was head of the Kentland Sunday-school asked Ade if he were attending Sunday-school in Lafayette.

"No, sir," Ade replied.

"Why not, George?" asked Hershman.

"Because," said Ade, "when I entered Purdue I promised my father that I'd never do anything there that I didn't do at home."—Indianapolis News.